

CHEERFULNESS.

the are of seventy-four, and only a year pre-vious to his decease, while suffering from a fermine attack of gout, received a book of hal-lads from a young author, who was complain-ing of the unseries of this world. He sat down and dashed on this reply:

I am thirty years older than you are. But o pleasures can yet take my fill; Old friends ever bonest and true are. At least-I believe them so still.

Ican sup upon cold meat and salads. njoy myself still wan the ray; n relish your exquisite ballads, naticishe aid gow at a play. What more can the youth of to-day do?
They to ag od pace—will they last?
I can do almost all the things they do.
And have got what they haven't—the Past.

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER XIV .- CONTINUED. "Then you will go?" he cried, im-etuously. "I feared you had not for-

petuously. "I feared you had not for-given my folly and impertinence, as you said, and would refuse my request. "I consent only because you assure me it is an important matter," she answered, coldly, "and perhaps because you have some claim on the life you

membered so well. It had lain on his bosom once; he thought of it with a thrill that ran through his blood like

They walked on in silence till they were well away from the house, and then she slacked her pace, and said, without looking at him:

"Well, Captain Anderson?" "I want you to promise not to be offended if I seem impertinent. I do not intend to be, and if I am wrongwhich Heaven grant I may not be!-I ask your pardon for troubling you with the subject at all; do you promise?

possible. I do not care to walk far." back and let me call for you this even- tions which no honorable man should ing," he said, anxiously.

Thank you, I am quite well."

"Will you please come to business,

she asked, a quick flush staining the paller of her face. "I hardly know how to begin without offending you, and yet you said you would not be offended, and so I will asking if you are quite sure your name

is Stella Blake? He was watching ber with fierce intentness, and she was taken wholly by live so long, as it is now. And you-

do you remember what you said: he sked softly. "Only tell me you have sked softly. "Only tell me you have not answer you?" Simple child; as if that was not answer enough, coupled that was not answer enough, coupled that was not answer enough. with the fiery blush that she could not not marry you. Do you remember an-

"I have no name. Ralph Anderson, does a name matter?"

discovered."

"Viola! my darling Violati he ex- name—"

"The Matter! name" he interclaimed, rapturously, unheading her "The Matter! name?" he interferce wall of regret, and with character rupted, in astonishment, half suspicious teristic impetuosity forgetting every. that dwelling on the matter so intently thing but the joyful fact that she was had turned her brain.

"You shall not tell mem. Raiph." Good have kept me there, exposed to myself from DeVries' grasp. 'I am memorands or accounts, but the heaps Indeed, it was strange he had not taken the one hope and purpose of my life, to going in the boat and he is keeping me. Indeed, it was strange he had not taken ... There was a number word between sorts, which are so abundant in Essiern her instantly in his arms, instead of discover my rightful name, do you the two men, the only thing I could towns, prove the first suggestion for simply clasping her hand; it would have 'think?' been much more like him. But he for | "But is it possible?" he asked, eagerly. once remembered himself, possibly be-cause it was policy; he was so very anx-day. Now I see but one course," ious to conciliate her, for some reason, shivering a little, "but I shall take it, I glorious?

"Hush!" she cried, looking round in -your father and mother." swift alarm, "you must not call me that. Viola is dead, I tell you, just as hesitatingly. "O Viola, give up this and at last we reached his little hut. is said to have furnished more than a really and truly dead as if her bones insane scheme and come home to us, which, if you have been there, I need hundred specimens of these memoranyears.

home, now?" he asked, pleadingly.

of you, in memory of the old days when still Stella Blake until I am Viola Mont- ously they multiplied themselves to my which learned descendants of the bar-I was an innocent child."

he exclaimed. "Stop!' she interrupted, hercely, she cried, sadly, "You shall not talk to me so! Let me . "He did not, Stella," he said the tell you what I began to. If you do not swear upon your honor and man ood to buman being, unless I give you permission, or a time comes when I shall be came to Montford House with Blanche? will never set eyes on my fare again after to-night, if I have to hide in the

bottom of the sea!"

"Stella-if that is what I must call you, though my heart whispers 'Yiola' you more, if possible, than your face 2 be asked, smiling, "because, you see, I had never forgotten the little 'Wildfire' of old, and the superb passions she could get herself into."

"I wish you would never mention

those days again! I want them so utterly forgotten as though they had

from this one purpose to which she was, city. I made two discoveries that after smoothed back my hair with his hard. self-respect, and perhaps life itself.

my way, bitter and desolate as it may purported to be buried under the cross be, and that you go yours to honor prierly had put up, to assist me and happiness. I don't ever want to in making an examination, which respect I ask only to go yours to honor prierly had put up, to assist me and happiness. I don't ever want to in making an examination, which respect I ask only to go yours to honor prierly had put up, to assist me monstrative I used to be, and I expect I bales.

See your face, or hear you speak sulted in finding only a block of wood nearly strangled the poor little old man, —A

"Do you then hate me so utterly?" his voice suddenly faltering. "I-I we had found it, and replaced the earth there were tears in his eyes, but he The following, says the New York Graphte, is a capital instance of plack and lightbeartedness. Charles Mathews, the elder, at
thought—I hoped to be your friend; I about as carefully as possible, covering brushed them away with his coat sleeve.
was so delighted and happy at finding it well with dead leaves. I paid and hurried round and brought out my the age of seventy-love and the state of the clothes, and put them on in a bungling you-I have lived on this hope so entirely for the last few days that -- pardon job, and his promise to hold his way, and made me lie down, and covme. I suppose you despise my weakness tongue, which I am not positive about ered me carefully up. A man came to -I cannot command myself.

trembling, his face white and pained, away, and to-day, as I drew near you, pointed to the coffin. The man said his lips very pale, and twitching con- and the confirmation or disappointment 'his woman would come over if he valsively, despite his strongest efforts of my hopes, I believe I have been hard- wanted her, and Brierly promised to

for self-control. "O Ralph-Ralph, don't!" she cried sharply, putting out her hand with an the whole thing seems so wild and imthen. All the fiery words she had pleadingly. spoken, all the mystery that surrounded her present life and purpose; ave, more, yourself to utter and perfect secreey, stence, forgot in fact, ever, thing but quickly. this little shrinking form and tearswallow up and overwhelm everything any chance she ever was his wife, he purer spirit than yours, to-day." else, that he loved her loved her with would tell his father and mother; that ty of his strong nature.

side, on God's name, listen to me! I give up without a good s ruggle with Joe Brierly's sister, and lived five miles love you, child—O Heaven! I love you fate.

better than my own soul—better than Heaven itself! O my darling—my dar
from Detroit, 'she began, "and persuaw Brierly but once after I left there, with the day he came to his sister's

While she had been speaking, she had slittle she had been speaking, she had slittle black sacque and the crimson and black hood which Ralph rewife making pretty little plans about we got to Michigan City. The cars Molly came to me with a blotted paper,

Was she expecting him to marry her, mean-but supposed it was the con- since. and had he committed himself irrevoca-bly? The thought sent a thrill of horror and then go to the wharf to meet the it was a letter. My mother had learned through his nerves, for he knew if he boat, I heard a lady say. I never could me to read writing, and I set myself to wedded her it would be a mockery and a tell how it happened, but I seemed to deciphering this, but from lack of praclie, for he did not love her. He knew get separated from the rest, and there tile and the illegibility of the writing. he had tancied he did, but that was was only my companion and myself in it was a long time before I could make before he knew what love meant.

"I never asked Blanche Arnold to be "Certainly. Please be as brief as you to believe this, at least. I will not ieny but she has fasc nated and at-"You do not look able to walk-go tracted me, and I have paid her attenpay a woman unless he intends, at fleast, to give her a chance to accept you are like an iceberg, while I - him. I hate a trifler - I did not mean to be one; but once - it comes back to me now through the long years-I told you. Viola, that, always, so long as I lived. I should love you better than any one else in the whole world. Do you

boat I had better run for it-

Detroit, with a promise to tell me who I

"Yes, Alired DeVries. But at the

"There was a hurried word between

"DeVries!" exclaimed Ralph.

with a slow, shuffling gait.

"Yes. I remember," she replied. take you at your word and begin by faintly. As if she had ever forgotten. "I have nothing more to add: it is as true to-day as it was then. It will be as true twenty, or fifty years hence, if do you remember what you said?" he

restrain.

"Perhaps I have not, but I want to ask you one more question: Why do you not bear your own name?"

"About your name? You are not going to sacrifice your life and happiness to this chimerical hobby? What

you know I have not!" she cried, stern-ly. "O, why have you tried to find me for it," she said, firmly, the hard look out? I had rather die than have been coming back to her face. "I know this discovered."

"Yes, even the Montford name, in-"You shall not tell them. Ralph," eredible as it looks to you. What else strong clasp in which he had caught it. misunderstandings and indignities, save

"Do you mean, Viola-ah' isn't that think. But you must not betray me. Promise me that you will not tell them

"I don't think I ought," he said,

"But surely you will come back "Do you wish to drive me away? I on such a little, low bed and counting lence, scribbled on a fragment of an old tell you, you wast keep my secret! And the skins of some sort of little animals, vase. How little those scribes and ac-"No. Ralph: and this is what I ask do not call me -that -that name. I am strung from the rafters. O how curi- countants foresaw the interest with was an innocent child."

You are only that now, darling," until I have that openly and lawfully. seemed to be, sometimes treasure their rough notes! Still quaint-O, why did Brierly betray me to you!

name unwillingly. "He does not suspect that I have discovered his secret. keep my secret inviolate from every Let me tell you how it all happened. You remember that first time that I beyond caring, then I swear that you Perhaps you noticed that I was affected possession of me again. And soone day, parciment was brought to such perfecstrangely ?"

"I-I don't know," she stammered, n painful blush dyeing her cheek at the composure before him.

"I thought you noticed it and was offended, but upon my soul I could not help it. The resemblance to Viola struck me-or rather a resemblance to an ideal which had grown up in my mind of what she might be - so strongly that I could not con rol myself. I do not think I thought of its being, by any you act so.' terly forgotten as though they had never been. I tell you, the child you knew died long ago—died to every thought, or purpose, or care, save one."

She spoke hurriedly, imploringly, as if she feared for her own strength, and yet had resolved to die rather than yet had resolved to die rather than when Lovertook you coming ont of the Persians, powdered with gold ing his hand, you are going to save and silver dust, whereon were painted me, you best and dearest old man in the dawned almost imperceptibly in my best and dearest old man in the dawned almost imperceptibly in my dawned almost imperceptibly in my best and dearest old man in the world; something in his face had revealed it to me.

"He smiled an old, cleased smile, and silver dust, whereon were painted me, you best and dearest old man in the world; something in his face had revealed it to me.

"He smiled an old, cleased smile, and silver dust, whereon were painted me, you best and dearest old man in the world; something in his face had revealed it to me.

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"He smiled an old, cleased smile, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing his hand. You are going to save, and silver dust, whereon were painted ing hi vieid to anything which could draw her when I overtook you coming out of the straw bed where I lay, and actually olf-respect, and perhaps life itself. It conscious of them both for a long it had been the loving touch of a moth--I will not leave you to you self in time. One of them I know I had," he er's fingers.

"I will not leave you to you sell in time. One of them I know I had," he er's instead of withdrawing his foot, he little courtesies that easts a ray of sunthis way," he exclaimed, hotly. "I added, with a glance that told more have a right to your consideration, and than his most passionate words had done. The said, in a whise er, but fur ously, though enduring exquisite to save ye, he said, in a whise er, but fur ously, though enduring exquisite traveler in this vale of tears and which will listen to me."

"Yes, little bright-eyes, I am agoin, forced it violently down and stamped than his most passionate words had done. To save ye, he said, in a whise er, but fur ously, though enduring exquisite traveler in this vale of tears and which will listen to me." nave a right to your consideration, and to save ye, he said, in a whise er. but fur ously. though enduring exquisite traveler in this vale of tears and which does not cost anything." "The misching the process. But it was not a does not cost anything." "The misching the saved my life—I did not ask you to do save ye, he said, in a whise er. but fur ously. though enduring exquisite traveler in this vale of tears and which does not cost anything." "The misching the strang of the saved my life—I did not ask you to do from him. But after seeing him I I'm goin' to tell'em all so. I am goin' left there by a careless servant.—Chi dollars from him on the strength of it."—Texas Siftings.

and put it on a bench.

had not done it! I am a stranger to course. I hired a fellow living near est, queerest little laugh. "You see this you; an utter and perfect stranger from there, telling him that I had reason to fine chap hired me to take care of you. this day, forevermore! I ask only to go believe that the girl was still living who so't you'd never come in his way again.

carefully wrapped in a piece of tattered | for I remember he coughed and choked. cloth, in the collin. We replaced it as and got terribly red in the face, and the man fifty dollars for the clothes, and put them on in a bungling I cannot command myself." his doing. I do not remember as I the door and asked if the little un was He turned away, his strong frame slept a wink the three nights I was dead. He said I was just alive, and ly same. And now I am so bewildered, call her if he wanted her, and the man there is so much that needs explanation, went away.

"We kept perfectly still until after appealing gesture. "I hate yea! O probable, that I a most believe I am in dark, and then he wrapped me up in an old coat, and by and by, somebody out-and with a low, passionate cry she broke will rot refuse to tell me something." We kept perfectly still until after dark, and then he wrapped me up in an old coat, and by and by, somebody out-side said, softly: Joe. He went to the into a wild tempest of sobs and tears. of the history of these past years; you door, opened it carefully, and a woman Ralph Anderson forgot everything, will not deny me that;" he asked, came in. She was such a perfect con-"I will tell you all if you will pledge all the anxiety and alarm I telt. She was the plumpest woman I ever saw, he forgot his tacit engagement to his and never allude to it in any way in looking more like an enormous feather beautiful cousin-forgot even her ex- the future, after to-day, she replied, bed with a string fied round it than like a living, breathing woman. And I There was no other way, for sne was can say now that her heart was as large drenched face, and the one great fact, firm, and so he promised, making only and as soft as her body. Dear Aunt which seemed to him at the moment to one "mental reservation," viz.: If by Molly Blake, I doubt if Heaven holds a

"She is dead?" "Yes, she died three years ago. From all the force and passion and impetuosity of his strong nature. would be simply just. But such a postare would be simply in the postare would be simply and but would be simply in the postare would be simply "Viola," he cried, springing to her though he was by no means inclined to warm, true, constant friend. She was away, in a log cabin, she and her hushars you think, further. But you do until the day he came to his sister's Ralph" husbing her sobs suddenly, not know all. I will tell you as briefly funeral. I knew that I was considered your wedding—a wedding which might were duskish, and in the confusion, and a little rusty key. Hound it in your take pla e at any moment."

A flery red surged to his temples. man's face—the man who took me by bright, wool dress you were here, and Was he in honor bound to his cousin? The band and little man the cars, I has been hanging up in the closet ever

> the little dingy saloon where we went, it out, and then I could not understand. There was a pale, flaring light at one it. But I studied it, and as I grew end of the room, and we were in a sort stronger, took in little by little its me. I was so tired and sleepy, I think written to my mother, and was full I must have drowsed a little, for the of vauge hints and threats and entreaties. fellow in the saloon came and shook me. One passage declared the writer's unand told me that if I was going in that changed feelings toward her, and his determination to force her to yield to from the steamer, but the faint, rapid vealed to the world, for John Montme and whispered that he would stiffe right, and your child shall be provided me if I did not be still" Just at that in- for out of her father's inheritance. even stant a light from a neighboring win- if she is not permitted to bear his dow fell across his face. It was bent name.' There were other passages. close to mine and I knew it' But only but having the same general bearing. the face, I did not know the name. I and one which referred to 'Harry's had forgotten, but the face I could never | sudden death, which the writer believed forget, with its curious yellow bronze a sort of judgment for his cruel deceneves. And perhaps you do not know tion, and the whole was signed, 'Dethat it was he who lured me away at Vries.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Curious Ancient Records.

moment I discovered who it was, another man came up. a short, little man to by the early scribes for the supply of writing materials. There was no scrib-"O save me.' I cried, wrenching bling paper whereon to jot down trivial of broken pots and erockery of all sorts, which are so abundant in Eastern distinguish being something about such china tablets and slates as we now 'good pay.' and an instant after I was use, and bits of smooth stone or tiles of course you divine at once was Brier- and remain to this day. Fragments of ly. He tried to pacify me, but I don't ancient tiles thus scribbled on (such think I was very easy to pacify, for I tiles as that whereon Ezekiel was com-remember that I cried until I was so manded to portray the city of Jerusahourse I could not speak. He carried | lem) have been found in many places. me some part of the way, I remember, The Island of Elephantine, on the Nile, were mouldering to dust all these Your old place is waiting for you— not stop to describe. I remember very da, which are now in various museums. treasure their rough notes! Still quaint-"But by and by I began to get better er were the writing materials of the and things looked natural to me again. ancient Arabs. who, before the time of good die young." - Detroit Post. My old nurse was very kind to me; and Mohammed, u-ed to carve their annals desolate and weak as I was. I clung to on the shoulder-blades of sheep; these him with a sort of wild passion. I be- "sheep-bone chronicles" were strung lieved he was my friend and had res- together and thus preserved. After a cued me from DeVries, and the one while sheep's bo es were replaced by fear of my life was that be would get sheep's skin, and the manufacture of I put my poor little weak arms about tion as to place it among the refinethis old man's neck and begged of him ments of art. We hear of veliums that swearing. - Chicago Tribune. to save me. At arst he tried to put me | were tinted yellow, others white; others remembrance of her own struggle for off, but I clung to him. I cried. I were dyed of a rich purple, and the coaxed. I kissed his hands, and at last writing thereon was in golden ink, with I saw with delight that he began to wa- borders and many colored decorations. ver. I don't know how long it was. These precious manuscripts were anbut not many days, I think, when he nointed with the oil of cedar to prebrought in a little red coffn in his arms, serve them from moths. We hear of one such in which the name of Mohani-. There," he said. I am going to med is adorned with garlands of tulips bury you in that: there is no other way, and ca nations painted in vivid colors. Still more precious was the silky paper ... O, no, you are t. I replied, catch- of the Persians, powdered with gold

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

-Clifton, S. C., is sending shirtings to China. One of her cotton factories has received an order far five hundred

-A valuable phosphate vaine has developed near Kingston, Ont. There is one pit from which nearly there hundred tons of mineral have been a iken.

-Two years ago the present site of Ketchum, Icaho, was a sage plain and nothing else. To-day there are numera is well laid avenues, a town park, and a main street with upwards of fifty business houses.

-Canning oranges is growing to be one of the industries of Florida. The fruit is peeled and broken into its natural sections before canning, which is done by a process similar to that used for preserving other fruits, and when taken out is ready for use .- N. Y. Examiner.

-There is a growing interest in the Connecticut Valley in the "mohair industry," involving the breeding of Antrast to him that I laughed in spite of gora goats. The only mohair goods manufactory in the United States is located at Seymour, Conn., and it is claimed that in the nine months of its existence it has made one hundred per cent. profit.

-An Indiana man has invented an instrument to make the deaf hear. It consists of a metalic plate, which is worn next to the body and covers the entire stomach, to which is attached copper wires, running from this plate to the instrument that is placed to the ear. The object of the metalic plate is to concentrate the electricity of the body .- Indianapolis Journal.

-A noted physiologist has just concluded a series of special observations which he says proves conclusively that wearing corsets makes women thickwaisted and dumpy. They weaken the muscles of the back, the back and body settle down, in some instances an inch and more. He concludes by citing the fact that all men agree that women look better in bathing suits than in stays.

-A Parisian dealer in fire-works has invented a sort of rocket which when introduced into a rabbit burrow will find its way downward and when well into the bowels of the earth explode like s shell, driving out the happy family in dire dismay. If this device succeeds as well in the ground as on paper, the ferret's occupation will be gone. For the discomfiture of larger game, like the fox or the coney, the of semi-darkness. My companion got meaning, till, child as I was, the whole rocket will be arranged with a me some warm drink, and went out, story was, I think, nearly as plain to a chemical attachment, which, when telling me to wait until he returned for me as it is now. The letter was the explosion occurs, will give off a poisonous vapor immediately fatal to the unlucky beast inhaling it.

-One of the principal engineering inventions, noticed of late in the foreign journals, is a device for the instanta-"Frightened and bewildered I sprang his wishes. 'As my wife you shall neous formation of steam, which permits up and darted out the door. I had not never know another care or anxiety, of its use at once in the cylinder of the gone a rod before a man seized me in he wrote. Then again he said: You engine. A pump sends the required his arms, saying he would carry me.' I were not his wife, and your child has told him very indignantly that I would no lawful claim, but pride might force surfaces, which are heated, and between not be carried, and I think I must have something from his father, rather than which there is only a capillary space. struggled pretty fiercely, for with a that his son, of whom he was so proud. The effect of this arrangement is, that muttered outh the man put me down. should be disgraced, as he would be, if the liquid, spreading in a thin layer, but he had turned the street in some the perfidy by which he made you be- evaporates at once, without going at all way so that I no longer saw the lights lieve you was his lawful wife was re into the so-called spheroidal state, and this steam acts in the cylinder as freshringing of a bell in the distance assured ford is a proud man, as you probably formed steam. The speed of the pump me that it was the boat's signal for de- know. I doubt not but he made that his is regulated by the engine, the pump parture. I believe I was nearly frantic excuse for not openly acknowledging being connected with the shaft of the in my rage and alarm. The man the marriage! Let me take your case engine, the arrangement operating very caught me in his arms and bent over into my hands, Genevieve; give me the satisfactorily. satisfactorily.

PITH AND POINT.

-Steele Mackave is said to work eighteen hours every day.—Exchange. His motto is, evidently, "Mackave while the sun shines." - Chicago Herald.

-"I'd have people know I'm nobody's fool," said Fenderson. "In other words," remarked Fogg, "you're vour own master." - Boston Transcript. -Queer! The cashier, who is short

in his accounts, is universally con-Many were the expedients reserted demned, while a reporter short in his accounts, is universally praised .- N. Y. Journal.

-The readiness with which the foot of the modern man taketh him to the club would go far to prove that man is by nature club-footed .- Rome (N. F.) Sentinel.

-"I hope," said the Boston mother, "my little daughter will forgive the left alone with the little old man which were constantly used for this purpose, naughty girl who struck her." "Oh. ' said six-year-old, promptly; "I will, mamma, if I don't catch her."-Boston Post.

> -The minuet is to be revived at fashionable dancing parties in New Orleans, and the Picayune says it will then be proper for the young lady who always must be dragged away to say: "O ma, let me stay one minuet longer?"

-"I don't want no rubbish, no fine sentiments, if you please," said the widow who was asked what kind of an epitaph she desired for her late husband's tombstone. "Let it be short and simple-something like this: 'William Johnson, aged seventy-five years. The

-Man is continually saying to woman: "Why are you not more wise?" Woman is constantly saving to man: "Why are you not more loving?" Unless each is both wise and loving there can be no real growth. And yet no woman is wise enough to put up a stove-pipe and no man loving enough to do it without

-A stylishly-dressed woman entered a restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order." Could a woman in a sealskin confess that she could not read? Taking the pencil she made a few dashes, and her order read: "Dinner fifty cents," "Feb. 20, '83," "vegetables," "please pay at the desk," "celery." The waiter brought her beefsteak and onions and prune sauce, and she did not dare raise a word in protest. -Cleveland Voice.

-"I have made one human being happy to-day," said Fred Blanks to Bob Belt, an Austin lawyer. "Did you send a barrel of nour to a poor widow?" -There is a ghastly story told of a asked Bob. "No; my means do not gentleman in India, who, pulling on allow me to be so extravagant, but I his boots one morning, felt a horrid told an applicant for a position in the with a sort of insanity, sacrificing health. noon, though I think I had been vague- wrinkled hand, and as softly, too, as if prickly object like a centipede in one Legislature that I knew he was going to of them. With great presence of mind, get it." "Well, that was one of those

Death of Postmaster-General Howe.

KENOSHA, Wis, March 25. Postmaster-General Timothy O. Howe died in this city this afternoon. Mr. Howe came here on Monday last to visit with relatives for a few days before returning to his official duties at Washington. Before coming he had been at his home in Green Bay, and had visited Appleton, Oshkosh and other cities in the northern part of the State. A week ago today he took a long walk in a driving snowstorm and contracted a severe cold. His immediate friends urged him to remain there until the difficulty arising from the attack should pass away, but on Monday, feeling no worse, he started for this city, his friends at Green Bay believing that all danger was passed. Arriving here he experienced the same feeling of illness, but nothing serious was feared. Tuesday symptoms of pneumonia set in. He was not confined to his bed, how-ever, till Thursday, when, his symptoms becoming alarming, Dr. Isham, of Chicago, was summoned. As the result of the physician's ministrations the symptoms of the case improved, and Mr. Howe became so much better that it was hoped and believed that all danger was at an end. Saturday night, however, a sudden change for the worse took place, and dispatches were forwarded to Washington and other points addressed to the family and immediate friends of the sick man asking them to come here on the first train. Mr. Howe continued to grow worse until two o'clock this afternoon, when he passed away. He remained perfectly conscious till about ten o'clock this morning and suffered but very little. After that hour he wandered somewhat in his mind, and his utterances at such time showed that his official duties weighed upon his mind up to the moment of his death. He was conscious at times, and at eleven o'clock showed unmistakable evidence that he recognized his daughter, who arrived from Washington at that hour. His death was peaceful and without pain. He seemed to pass away as though entering upon a natural sleep, and for some moments after death it was almost impossible to decide that he was not simply asleep. Mr. Howe died at the home of his nephew, Colonel J. H. Howe. He came to this city two weeks ago, when he first arrived from Washington, and spent several days here. He was then in excellent health. He went from here to Green Bay, and his intention was to return here and complete his visit before returning to Wash

Judge Howe was a native of Maine, born at Livermore in that State, February 24, 1816, and was consequently sixty-seven years old. His wife died in 1881, and his only surviving relatives are his son Frank, daughter, Mrs. Totten, wife of Colonel E. Totten, Washington: his nephew, Colonel James H. Howe; and his niece, Miss Grace Howe,

The News et Washington,

WASHINGTON, March 25. "Frank, your father is dead." It was in this cruel manner that a comparative stranger informed young Mr. Howe upon the street this afternoon that his father was no more. The shock which the son received was scarcely greater than that felt by the entire community this evening when it became known, and the surprise was less, for dispatches which had been received by members of the family during the day had prepared them for a fatal termination of Judge Howe's illness. Assistant Postmaster-General Hatton, early this afternoon, received a dispatch from Kenosha indicating that Judge Howe's illness had become of a more alarming character. He immediately dispatched a messenger to the President and to the house of Judge Howe. This messenger had hardly left when another dispatch came indicating still more alarming conditions, and soon after came the news of his death. Mr. Hatton immediately took a riage, went for Secretary Lincoln and for Secretary Chandler, and with them proceeded to the White House. The President was visibly affected. He had scarcely heard of the serious turn in the illness of his Postmaster-General before the news came to him that he was dead. The death of the Postmaster-General, outside of his immediate family, will bring sincere grief to no one more than to the President of the United States and to the remaining members of his Cabinet. And to Judge Folger, who is himself lying upon a bed of pain, the news, when his physicians permit it to be broken to him, will be a terrible shock. They were nearly of the same age. their habits were judicial, and, though comparative strangers before they had entered the Cabinet, their relations had become of the most cordial character. The President had learned to look upon Judge Howe as one of the most trusted of his counselors, and, while the Postmaster-General seldom volunteered opinions, there was no one about the Executive council-chamber to whom the President

Escaping from a Burning Car.

the late Postmaster-General.

more readily turned for suggestions than to

The passengers who escaped from the burning sleeper on the Pennsylvania Railroad tell thrilling stories of their narrow escapes from being burned alive. One of the most remarkable was that of General Dudley, Commissioner of Patents. He had only time to seize his artificial leg, tuck it under his arm and drag himself along the aisle toward the door, keeping his face close to the floor to avoid the blinding, suffocating flames. As he reached for his leg he remembered that Representative Ben Wilson, of West Virginia, who occupied a berth some distance down the car, was deaf, and the thought flashed across his mind that perhaps the alarm might not have aroused the sleeping man. As he crawled along on his hands, knee and stump, he felt in every berth, making all possible speed, but not missing a bunk in his blind search for Wilson. Sure . enough, there lay the Congressman in one of the berths sound asleep, in the very embrace of a flery death, totally oblivious of his danger. The Commissioner shook him vigorously, but he could not arouse the sleeper. Reaching over the prostrate form he raised the window, and then, jumping into the berth, he seized Mr. Wilson by both shoulders and shook him with desperate earnestness, which at last accomplished the object, and the member of Congress crawled through the window as the train came to a halt. The General remained cool in spite of the heat and blinding smoke, and he again placed his face within two or three inches of the floor and dragged himself through the doorway and fell from the platform more dead than alive. The car within two minutes was all ablaze, and but for General Dudley's presence of mind, there would have been another vacancy in the West Virginia Congressional delegation. Very few of the passengers got away with anything except their night clothes. Luckily, General Dudlev's pantaloops were fastened to his artificial leg, and when he carried that off in triumph the attachment came with it .- Cor. Chicago Times.

A COUNTRYMAN essaved to give his horse a bath at Sacramento, Cal., a few days ago by turning the hose on him. When the water struck the animal it pulled back, detached a scantling to which it was fastened, and with the board dangling from the halter, ran away. A few blocks down the street the scantling tripped the equine and it tumbled and broke its neck .- San Francisco Chronicle.

THE Louisiana Supreme Court says hotels are responsible for valuables stolen from guests, and that warning notices do not relieve them of the responsibility.

THERE are 40,000 women in New York City who support themselves.